BY ANNA BERBERT. "A song for pleasure!" the people cry, "To the winds with sorrow, to-day we die!"

And the words of the singer beat like wind At the heart of all beautiful, holy things. They told of the joys that must age endure, And thrilled to the fountain of pleasures pu-But a clamor of voices harsh and loud Rose evermore from the shifting crowd.

They built him a niche in her temple gran They built him a niche in ner temple grand;
When he prayed for a light at the harbor
They gave him the glow of a falling star;
And for filles of waters in silver calm,
An arid waste, and a stately palm. NORTHERN OHIO JOURNAL.

VOLUME I.

PAINESVILLE, LAKE COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872.

NUMBER 52.

LOVE'S CROWN. O tender joy of love! Whose silent blisses Feel there's no heaven above Love's perfect kisses.

The starry glory of the skies is fair to see; A deeper light in love-eyes Shineth for me. O far remove from death!
O heaven! o'erlying strife;
We reach, with bating breath,
Unto this crown of life! O far remove from death!

O perfect crown of life! Invested king and queen, We cope with any fate, Invincible—serene! SONGS OF LIFE

Then the tones of the singer soft and slow Took up the burden of human woe, And, loosed from the quivering chords of pa The tears of the multitude stirred like rain. And a crown lay light on the poet's head.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I am born from the womb of the cloud, And the strength of the ardent sun. When the winds have ceased to be loud And the rivers of rain to run. Then light on my sevenfold arch I swing in the silence of air, White the vapors beneath me march And leave the sweet earth bare.

Beyond the bridge I have spanned The fields of the poet unfold, And the riches of fairyland At my bases of misty gold! I keep the wealth of the spheres, Which the high gods never have won; And a coin from their airy tears The diadem of the sun! For some have stolen the grace. That is hidden in rest or strate, And, some have copied the face. Or echoed the voice of Life; And some have woven of sound. A chain of the sweetest control. And some have fabled or found.

But I, from the blank of the air And the white of the barren beam, Having wrought the colors that flare In the forms of a painter's dream.

And the sparks of the gems, to me; Till pale as the blossoning bowers, And dim the chameleon sea! By the soul's bright sun, the eye, I am thrown on the artist's brai

If I lure, as a mocking sprite,
I give, as a goddess bestows,
The red, with its soul of might,
And the blue, with its cool repo
The yellow that beckons and bear
And the gentler children they I
For the portals of Art's high dre
Is builded of Light and Air!

The Demon of the Yorkes.

BY MICE CAMILLA WILLIAM. CHAPTER II.

UT Edith, leaning back against the velvet cushions, fair, and self-possessed as a young prin-cess, looked and listened attenthe velvet cushions, fair, and self-possessed as a young prin-cess, looked and listened attentively, losing no word, no turn of ex-pression, no slightest gesture. Her eyes were critical, and she knew that they beheld a thorough gentleman, not one finical in little technical niceties, but one familiar with the amenities o keep the run of each other; and she knew that Mr. Freeman was a gentle-

clear, no claptrap, no seeking for ap-plause, and he was full of his subject. He spoke with indignation of the revolt of the Southern States, but he did not pronounce every Southerner to be a vil-lain or a knave. He owned that some were their way. It must be war. They had chosen, and we also must choose to

man, whose principles were so firmly rooted that they did not go tumbling

again, his first glance was directed to Edith Yorke. He had felt the magnetfleet smile that glanced across her face, A blush followed the smile, and she turned to hide her embarrassment by low those in front to make a motion When they did, Mr. Yorke returned the

PAINESVILLE, LAKE COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872.

MARINESVILLE, IAKE COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872.

MARINESVILLE, IAK the morning breeze, and as it came out on the veranda, he knew Edith Yorke by the light, slight form, and the leis-urely gliding step. She, also, paced slowly to and fro, stopping occasionally

"I wish I had ventured up there," he thought. "I know she wouldn't be angry. If I were going up the avenue now, I could come out at the end of the veranda just as she would reach it, and perhaps her sweet face would brighten as it did last night when she came upon me at the foot of the stairs, God bless her! Can she be thinking of and looking for me now?"

She came forward to the front of the steps, and certainly her face was turned in his direction; it seemed that she held her hands out; then she turned slowly

in his direction; it seemed that she held her hands out; then she turned slowly and sadly walked into the house, with her head drooping.

Drawing a long sigh, the gentleman resumed his walk and relighted his ci-gar, which had gone out while he

discourtesy if her brother does not call on me after what I said to him last

night," he muttered, But the forenoon passed, and no Frede rick Yorke made his appearance at Margrave House, and at noon Mr. Freeman could linger no longer. He went with a feeling of disappointment and annoy-ance which surprised himself. He went to take him to the depot, a committee of magnates bowed him into the carriage, never leaving the unfortunate man till he was in the car and about to start. "Gone at last!" he mattered, as they

disappeared out the door of the car. "I wonder if the convicts in State Prison are more closely attended than I am." He thought a moment, then added, more softly, "I wonder if she got my flow-

For, just before starting, Mr. Freeman had sent to Edith a magnificent bouquet, presented him by one of his many admirers. The flowers were all well enough, but the man of the world blushed when he remembered what, on the pulse of the moment, he had added to them. He had wrapped them carefully

studying every line and letter, her heart beating high, her face in a glow.

She might have sat there all day had she not been interrupted. About noon Martha appeared at the door. The young lady was too much engrossed in her delightful reverie to see or hear anything besides, unless her attention was loudly called, and the woman paused and gazed a moment on the lovely pic-When they did, Mr. Yorke returned the arm-chair to the platform, and thanked the speaker for his politeness to Miss Edith, and for the pleasure which his address had given them. His civilities were most cordially received.

"We have a right to be acquainted, "We have a right to be acquainted, increased window, the beautiful girl with the note in one hand, and the other just touching with delicate finger-tips the since our fathers were," Mr. Freeman

ing seemed to penetrate Miss Yorke's abstraction. She lifted her eyes to the other's face with that look of absolutely cold surprise which is the chief weapon a well-bred person has against insult. The girl met her look with an insolent

war of glances, but took her purchase, paid for it, and rose to leave the shop. cheek of the insulted girl, but she gave no answer, only pursued her way to the

dainful? exclaimed one of the clerks. "You are a coward, Jane! Give it to me, and I'll make her wear it!"

Snatching the badge, the girl ran out to the walk, and stopping Edith, who was entirely taken by surprise, pinned the rosette to her shawl before she could revent. "I'll make you a present of it," and ran back laughing. Either she had not reckoned on the

to excite feeling against them. Scarcely was the badge fastened before Edith tore it off and cast it from her, hastily pulling down her veil to hide her burn-ing cheeks and flaming eyes. Her worst enemy could not have wished her the public streets, before the eyes of per-sons whose sons, and husbands, and brothers and gone to defend the Union, to cast the loyal colors beneath her feet and trample them in the dust. The ex-citement became latense, Something must be done; but what? Some were for nobbing the house and breaking the windows, others that the family should be compelled to leave town immediately,

and take refuge with the rebels whose cause they surely espoused.

On the evening, Mr. Aylier went up to the house to learn the truth of the matter. He found Edith alone, sitting before the fire, without lights, and seeming to be in a gloomy reverse. He could not see her face plainly, but her voice sounded as if she had been weeping.

She went to meet him with both her hands extended. "Dear Mr. Aylier, I am gled you have come for a mr. very

them. He had wrapped to box, that his in paper and put them in a box, that his in paper and put them in a box, that his messenger might not know what he was carrying, and inside all, tucked among the flowers, he had left a note, a line merely, signed with his name: "Farewell! but not, I trust forever."

Would she think him a fool?

Edith Yorke was very far from think-to lime him a fool. Even while he mused lime him a fool of the occurrence of the morning.

"I knew that it must be so, my dear," he said, when she had poured forth her story with trembling voice, and not he said, when she had poured forth her story with trembling voice, and not without tears. "But I resolved to come up and ask you about it, that I might be able to give an authoritative contradiction to rumors that are floating about. I have said emphatically that your family are loyal, and all the answer which I get is, "She trampled on the Union colors."

Union colors."'
"I trampled on their insolence!" exclaimed the girl, with scorn. "It isn't for them to teach loyalty to me or mine,

to do otherwise, and, it must be added, neither could her best friend. Before an hour the whole town knew that the Yorkes were boldly and defiantly disloyal, and that Miss Edith had dared, in the public streets, before the eyes of persons whose sons, and husbands, and that one of the three not over timorous through the breach which they should

might happen. A crowd watched from Berkshire Avenue, and it was known all over town that the Yorkes had been re-

was elected? In those days people used to go more to the house on the hill, and they remembered seeing Mrs. Margaret Yorke, then a handsome young matron, lean from the windows over the baleony and push out the glistening folds of red and white silk with her own beautiful Both halves of the door were now hands. She wore a black velvet gown, the old women would tell you, and had a pearl necklace on her white shoulders, and the bouse was full of company.

That, indeed was almost the last enter-tainment of any account which had been

sive message in return. Not one word was said on either side, however, and he returned to the town to wait what might happen. A crowd watched from Berkshire Avenue, and it was known all quested to display a flag. But hour after hour passed, and no sign of a flag was seen. after hour passed, and no sign of a flag was seen.

"Perhaps they havn't any," some more charitable person suggested.

They all knew better than that. Wasn't it well known that among the Yorke souvenirs were two magnificent.

Wasn't it well known that among the Yorke souvenirs were two magnificent silk flags, with gilt staves surmounted by eagles? Hadn't they all heard of the cedar closet made purposely for these flags, and how the staff of each anscrewed into three pieces? and hadn't they seen, some of the elders of them, these very flags swung out from the balcony of the great house by Mr. St. Pierre Yorke, when, after a hard fight, the president for whom he gave his vote was elected? In those days people used in a swaying, crowd swarmed in a ing, swaying, crowd swarmed in a dense black mass about the portico, to the very steps half-uttering, half-chok-ing in their throats the hoarse cry of triumph that sounded like the voice of

and one more good stroke on each would bring them down with a crash. Both men paused to gather strength for the final blow, the crowd caught and held a breath ready to break forth again in a

the manner of this mann's mature. Grave, multileagon, at the elegation, multive properties of other control plans in the second of the second

policy of insurance, or anything else.

Bills of exchange, foreign, inland, letters of credit, or anything of that kind

United States, or for anywhere else. Bills of sale of any kind.

anything that has the name of a bone in it, and now taxed by stamp. Brokers notes. hing. Certificates of stock, profits, damage, deposit, or any other kind of certificate ow taxed by stamp. Charter, or its renewal, or a charter party of any kind.

Conveyance, any part of the work of onveying.
Entry for consumption, warehousing, Gaugers' returns. Indorsement of a sement of any negotiable or not

egotiable instrument. Insurance policies, contracts, tickets Lease. All through the lease list i abolished.

Legal documents. Writ or other pro cess, confession of judgment, cognovit, appeals, warrants, etc., letters of admin-

Wachtel has sung this song more than seven hundred times publicly, and thinks it one of the best compositions of Abt, of whom he entertains the highest

ow to appreciate works of real merit.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

everybody who loves music and know.

so considered, will have a tendency to enrich life, and make it more full and complete. The transmutation of the features, the slow decay, is trouble to contemplate, so that to me it is disagreeable to harp upon the dead. It is thought by some that it is well to imagine how we all feel when dying. In olden times they used to have a skeleton hung before them, to remind them of death, to rebuke pride, and lead them to forget worldliness. I don't wonder the young turn away from such a scene as that. These are unwholesome, they pollute the sweet breath of hope. Dying is changing form, changing position. Passing out from a lower to a higher position. It is the spreading of the wings which is till conscious, and when taken back to her room conversed in a low tone with her friends and relatives. The attend-ber friends and relatives. The attending physician is doing all he can to preserve her life, but the probability is that his efforts will prove fruitless.

Tuesday morning a telegram was sent from Michigan City, staling that a his efforts will prove fruitless.

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Tuesday morning a telegram was the pride, and been murdered the night previous. It was soon ascertained that his wife was in the city, keeping from the city, keeping from the city of the night previous. It was soon ascertained that his wife was in the city, keeping from the city of the night previous. It was soon ascertained that his wife was in the city keeping the night previous. It was soon ascertained that his wife was in the city keeping the night previous. It was soon ascertained that his wife was in the city keeping the night previous. It was soon ascertained that his wife was in the city keeping the night previous. It was soon ascertained that his wife was in the city keeping the night previous. when he have been a most a mine a min It is the spreading of the wings which nearly crazed, and but little could be had been unfolded before. It is crown-learned of her beyond the fact that her

saw off the west coast of Africa last september.

The mystery about "Lord Gordon" is dispelled at last. He says he is a step-son of "the great English-Italian Count Henry De Grano." All right. Now won't somebody tell us who in thunder count De Grano is?

A mamber of the Wyoming Legisla-

was severely burned. Two policemen came rushing to the honse, cut the clothes from the unfortunate girl, and thus stopped the progress of the fire in its fierce hunger devouring her flesh. But the flames had about done their work. The whole body, from the shoulders to the feet, was terribly burned; the hair on the back part of her head was paratively untouched. Miss Stites was still conscious, and when taken back to

Business notices in local columns will be charg-

ADVERTISING RATES

ONE INCH IN SPACE MAKES A SQUARE.

nsertion and eight cents per line for each sub-Business cards 1.25 per line per annum. Yearly advertisers discontinuing their adver-

vill be charged according to the above rates. Translant advoctiomants must invariable be aid for in advance. Regular advertisement

to be paid at the expiration of each quarter.

by the promise of a book. They gave him "Hitchcock's Analysis of the Bible." He swapped it for a three bladed knife and a peck of hickory nuts.

"Death," said a Santa Fe paper "with the inexorable call, the spirit of that loved woman floated up to its Creator, leaving her husband, children and

chief officer shall hold one-fifth of their real property in fee, and have control of all their current funds. The great trouble among them is likely to be found in the fact that all its members will want to be